

Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 38

The Express

Interval: 4

Part: 1

(Back)

Think about the express-

The train pulls away. As I then sit down in a seat where I have a good vantage point of the cars. The doors close, and I hear the whistle far down the line I knew I was going far from home. I look out the window.

'This is your conductor speaking, I'd like to welcome you aboard...' If you require any assistance on your journey, I am located towards the front of this 69th train coach- I

welcome you to the railway for the fall- you are here because your life was not fielded as it should, that is why they send you to us.' It is evening, soon you will not see anything but darkness, the treetops well get a little darker than the sky above, then that to well fade, as you pulled into the time vortex.

Mostly, all I see is the reflection of the passengers in the carriage, and you and your soul reflected at you, that now is ours to take- and keep and do as we like with. I's sit in the quiet coach; it is not always quiet, but a least it is not loud, all the girls look like sweet things that would not hurt anyone in their new

pressed girlie school uniforms, they got before getting on. Individuals are usually too polite, and or timid or just freaking scared out of their wets, to complain when someone is making a clamor. I count eight other passengers today, I knew- that we would get to know each other then again if it was anything- like my old life them not.

Part: 2

Yes, I am sure of it I will have some, spaniel bounds with all yens are in this carriage, sniffing voraciously at everything, and looking

as if your grandmother just died, nope- you did honey- you did. Then, I think well so-o did I!

Nevertheless, there are no familiar faces, no people I see regularly, I was starting to feel the effects of it too- and then I was looking like a sad puppy also, in the glass looking back, seeing my old life flash by as the train rushed forward, faster than my mind could think. Whoop- whoop- I am heard... Emma- the young girl, looks at each group of seats as her passes, moving straight through when she does not find what she is looking for, and that is a girl there to comfort her, so-o I am thought that must be myself.

In the non-summer days, I stare out the window, back home out the train riding to school, but when it is dark, she watches the other passengers. She said to me, her name was- Haven. Things got a little less stuffy... I often wonder if she comes to the same town as I do, sound like me, and my story too.

Although the girls have tried to change into their uniform it is obvious, they have not been away home for long- they were lost. I am slurred, when- I's get nervous, she was sitting there with her hand between her knees said Naddalin.

Haven- I said, raising in to sitting on my legs under my butt, fixing the skirt too under my butt, spilling is not my thing or being what some would say is cool, as the train sways, but I can see I have made it as a girl. Some just blink not getting that. I feel the train slowing; two girls in uniforms... walk back and take sets in front of us and make their way through the doors at one end. I have not had an opportunity, to talk openly for the first time it was nice, same with them we not heating on one another- where just fallen girls- here over the fact we were throw away girls. Naddalin- I's love to observe them as they sat at the

far end of the coach, that was something I always loved doing so.

(Me too, said the three girls that made friends at this point. Emma, Naddalin, and Haven.)

~*~

The new girl crosses her arms and grins, saying- 'hey I am Karly.'

We all look confused, at the color of her hair, no reply kick-ass luggage she uses that mad our heads ache; the new girl rolls her eyes- saying: Do not be fake and gay- (I said

I's am- and I look telling me kind of a too-long story.)

'Hun- a?' Her eyes where and face was so-o confused, 'I do not judge...' she said. not in school uniforms, clashes with my hair, and I do not like having things constricted, and she grasps her chest hard, in an upper ward motion.

Part: 3

I smile at the easiest, thoughts of a new friendship, the girls share their plans of listening but want to keep it a secret from their parents and all in their old life. Yet, Karly was like- not so-o much as we were- my younger

sisters we see me again- I am sure of it, as a haunt in her vanity glass, or something random, or like when she is getting freaky with my old boyfriend. We giggled...

Luckily, I do not know the parents!
Said Haven.

The young girl embarked on and are sitting opposite each other folding the sit-in so they were face to face... The train stops and this time the doors stay closed. Getting water from the tank, for the steam...

(Thought)

I feel like I would like to help this
young girl, but I do not know how, and I guess
I's would not appreciate the interference.

I am though I know that I love
trains...

~*~

(I wonder)

The train pulls away with a small jolt,
Students steps back from the window, I
wonder if she has problems at home, like I did,
though Haven, or girlfriend trouble too like me
or boy- or was at all like me? He checks the
screen on his phone again. She has no signals

like this route than is all green from here. Only one track... and is a twist and turns yet is a straight path to their... Tickets- girls, please, magical they are they show up floating like three dentinal- and oh- so-o see though in their hands, tickets... with your code and names and whatnot, show us all we need to know for now... and your place here.

As you can see the bars on the code forever match here to there and are read... this is your ID... I hold up my season ticket for inspection, ripping the playful thing down in mid-air. 'Thank you, sir,' the guards walk on and checks the rest of the carriage, then stops by

the doors. After walking to and fro a couple of times, students sad-like sits down and takes a large notebook from their bag, and to the first day's homework, and that is document all that happens on the ride.

This also was on the ticket, saying the assignment. Then they went off to the steeper parts of the train, it was going to be a long ride when it only takes moments to get here... yet to new girls, it is like a lifetime, that seems like a week trip, where you need to sleep-and have a day to transition to the new worldly ways.

Part: 4

Um- rapidly flicking through the pages, before the girls turn in, he stops about two-thirds of the way through, the girl's room, and pulls the beds and shades down saying work hard and rest, he stares out the window, saying I am getting too old for young girls.

We- giggle...

(Next day)

With a sigh, the student has sad doodles on the margin of the page, and some droll. He looks up at Emma and stands, there as she and stretches, 'not every day you see a nude

girl...' she said. The girls gather their belongings and stand close together by the doors, getting into uniform. It's wait for the train to come to a complete standstill before walking over to the next door, one by one going down the car steps, to get out, the girls hold hands in one line, as they walk into this new land of unknown.

~*~

Chapter: 155

Part: 1

Naddalin- 'Why?' 'Why- are girls like you are making fun of a girl, that was just like

you-you're here, for the same- faults- or even
more than she had.'

Not, of course, examination passes, or
failures are of the remotest importance wither,
and it comes to there- the sacred art of
divination.

If you have there- seeing-eye,
certificates, and grades matter extraordinarily
little. However, there- principal likes you to sit
there- examination, so-o...'

Her voice trailed away delicately,
leaving them all in no doubt that Professor

Trelawney considered the- subject above such sordid matters as examinations.

Turn, please, to there- introduction- and read what the girl has said here, you have a voice- okay what is that saying- AVA said to her girls, like what this pussy licker said about us.

'CUTE- NO?'

'Cute yes!'

'The Sisters from Hell...' 'CUTE... did she think that we would never - ever see this?'

'Sh-h-h' said Emma- making faces!

This work by a girl that was never to
has made things difficult for all... said- Duerre...
no it is time to get at her. Wounds were cast
picking apart the old book copy of the many
chapters of her young and aging life.

Part: 2

They were, divide into pairs, reading
Nevaeh's story mocking her some- other fallen
girls where in- love with the captivating story
her up and downs... and some saying how did she
not fall to us- as one of us... a strong girl- she
was... somewhere crying others giggling.

Naddalin- I's think this wrong to do
to someone, even if... and all the girls in the
class where had the books, picking out things
that they could do to them all, in their
moments how self- droughs and fear- it was
so wrong to us- Naddalin the most.

Use The- Dream Vision, spell and see
all that she did- can you...?

We can- said the girls... feel- feel- and
see as she did. To interpret each other's most
recent dreams, you will become her- and live a
life of the past and walk her halls as her. Carry

on... young falling angels of Wizard and the Fallen.'

Part: 3

The- one good thing to be said, for their lesson was that it was not a double period.

By three- time they had all finished- reading there- the introduction of the- book, they had barely ten minutes left for dream interpretation.

At there- the table next to Naddalin and Jinger, Lacy had paired up with Neville, who immediately embarked on a longwinded explanation of a nightmare involving a pair of

giant scissors wearing her grandmother best hat; Naddalin and Jinger merely looked at each other glumly.

'I never remember my dreams,' said Jinger,' you say one.'

I never remember them like this said Naddalin... in awe.

'You must remember one of them,' said Naddalin impatiently.

She- was not going to share her dreams with anyone, I thought we all had to.

She- knew perfectly well what she regular nightmare about a graveyard meant, she- did not need Jinger or Professor Trelawney or there- stupid Dream Vision to tell her.

'Well, I dreamed, that I was playing Claepsiara there- another night,' said Jinger, screwing up the faces to remember. 'What you'd reckon that means?'

'Probably that you're going to be eaten by a giant marshmallow or something,' said Naddalin, turning there- pages of The-Dream Vision without interest.

It was very dull work looking up bits of dreams in there- Vision and Naddalin were not chartered up wither- n Professor Trelawney set, them there- the task of keeping a dream diary for a month as homework, about this girl's life, and it was all adding into this story. What we saw.

Naddalin- now docent that discredit her from being the novelist another of the story in the first place? 'You need to hush, or you fail my class!'

When there- bell went, she- And
Jinger led there- way back down there- ladder,
Jinger grumbling loudly.

'Do you realize how much homework
we have gotten already? Bins set us a foot and
half long essay on giant wars, Lily wants a foot
on there- use of moonstones, and now we have a
month's dream diary from Trelawney!

Freeanna and Katy were not Ginger
about FLYING year, were they? That Scott
lady had better not give us any...'

Wither they entered there- Defense
Against there- Dark Arts classroom, like- they

found Professor Scott already seated at there-transfers desk, wearing there-fluffy pink cardigan of there-the night before and there-black velvet bow on top of their head. Naddalin was again reminded forcibly of a large fly perched-unwisely on top of an even larger toad.

The-class was quiet, and just sweet little girls sitting in a row in uniforms, an old art-deco ornate 1920's style all linked together desks, as it entered there-room; Professor Scott was, yet an unknown quantity... And nobody knew how strict a disciplinarian she would-was likely to be.

'Well, good afternoon!' Um- she would-said, wither finally there- the whole class had sat down.

A few people mumbled 'good afternoon' in reply of drowsiness- or I do not give a frapping sh*t- piss.

That will not do, now, will it?

I should like you, please, to reply 'Good afternoon, Professor Scott.' One more time, please. Good afternoon, class!'

'Good afternoon, Professor Scott,' they chanted back at her.

'Ta-ta,' said Professor Scott.

'There are, now,' said Professor Scott sweetly. That was not too difficult, was it? And away and quills out- ink and nibs, please.'

Many of there-class exchanged gloomy looks; there-order' and away' had never-ever, yet, been followed by a lesson they had found interesting or fun and net.

Naddalin shoved her and back into her handbag.

And pulled out an enchanted typewriter for the lifting wood top, ink, and

parchment. The large stand- glass windows have rays coming in... that distracts her.

Professor Scott opened her and, extracted her own and, which was an unusually short one, and tapped there- blackboard sharply with it; words appeared on there- board at once- Defense Against there- Dark Studies a Return to Fundamental Assumption- 'Well now, your teaching in their subject has been rather disrupted and fragmented, hasn't it?' said Professor Scott, turning to face there- class with she and clasped neatly in the finger of her.

There- constant changing of teachers,
many of whom do not seem to have followed any
Unholy orders approved curriculum, has
regrettably resulted in your being far below
there- stand we would expect to see in your
FLYING year.

'You will be pleased to know, however,
that these problems are now to be rectified. We
will be following a carefully structured, theory-
centered, Ministry-approved course of defensive
magic there a year.'

'Copy down there- following, please.'

She would- rapped there- blackboard again; there- the first message vanished- d and was replaced by there- 'Course Aims...' Understanding there- assumption primary defensive magic. Learning to recognize circumstances in which defensive magic can legally be used. Employing the- use of defensive magic in a context for practical use.

For a couple of minutes there- the room was full of there- the sound of scratching quills on parchment. Wither everyone had copied down Professor Scott's three-course aims she would- asked. 'Has everybody got a copy of Defensive Magical Theory by Wilbert Slinkhard?'

There was a dull murmur of assent throughout there- class.

'I think we'll try that again,' said Professor Scott.'

Wither- I ask you a question, I should like you to reply, 'Yes, Professor Scott,' or 'No, Professor Scott.'

So, has everyone got a copy of Defensive Magical Theory by Wilbert Slinkhard?'

'Yes, Professor Scott,' rang through there- room.

'Good,' said Professor Scott. 'I should like you to turn to page five and read 'Girl One, Fundamentals for Beginners.' There will be no need to talk.'

Professor Scott left there-blackboard and settled herself in there-chair behind there-transferors desk, seeing them all closely with those pouchy eyes.

Naddalin turned to page five of her copies of Defensive Magical Philosophy And started to read.

It was desperately overcast, quite as bad as listening to Professor Binns.

She- felt she attentiveness sliding away from her, she, had soon read there, the same line half a dozen times without taking in more than there, first few words.

Numerous silent minutes passed.

Next, to her, Jinger was absent-mindedly turning she enchanted typewriter over and over in the fingers, staring at there- the same spot on their- page.

Naddalin observed right and received an astonishment to shake her out of the inertia.

Emmah had not even opened the copy of Defensive Magical Theory. She would- was staring fixedly at Professor Scott with her and in there- air.

Naddalin could not remember Emmah ever neglecting to read wither instructed to, or indeed resisting there- the temptation to open any book that came under the nose. She- looked at her enquiringly, but she would- merely shook her head slightly to show that she would- was not about to answer questions, and continued to stare at Professor Scott, who was looking just as resolutely in another direction.

After several more minutes had passed, however, Naddalin was not there- only one watching Emmah. There- Girl they had been instructed to read was so tedious that more and more people were hoping to watch Emmah's mute attempt to catch Professor Scott's eye rather than struggle on with fundamentals for beginners.'

Wither more than half there- class were staring at Emmah mouse her than at their books, Professor Scott seemed to decide that she would- could ignore there- a situation no longer.

'Did you want to ask something about there- Girl, dear?' She would- asked Emmah, as though she would- had only just noticed she.

Part: 4

'Not about there- Girl, no,' said Emmah.

'Well, we're reading just now,' said Professor Scott, showing she small, pointed teeth.' If you have other queries, we can deal with them at there- end of class.'

'I's have got an interrogation about your course aims,' said Emmah.

Professor Scott raised her eyebrows.

'And your name is?'

'Emmah Kizziah,' said Emmah.

'Well, Miss. Kizziah, I think there-course aims are clear if you read them through carefully,' said Professor Scott in a voice of determined sweetness.

'Well, I's don't know,' said Emmah bluntly. There's nothing written up there about using defensive spells.'

There was like a short silence in which many members of the- class turned their

heads to frown at there- three course aims still written on there- blackboard.

'Using self- justifying spells?'

Professor Scott repeated with a little laugh.'

Why, I's cannot imagine any situation arising in my classroom that would require you to use a defensive spell, Miss. Kizziah. You surely are not expecting to be attacked during class?'

'We're not going to use magic?' Jinger cried loudly.

'Um- young students raise their hand to wither they wish to speak in my class, Mr.

S?' 'Railie,' said Jinger, thrusting she hands into there- air.

Professor Scott, smiling still more widely, turned she back on her.

Naddalin And Emmah immediately raised their hand too. Professor Scott's pouchy eyes lingered on Naddalin for a moment before she would- addressed Emmah.

'Yes, Miss. Kizziah? You wanted to ask something else?'

'Yes,' said Emmah. 'Surely there- the whole point of Defense Against there- Dark Studies is to practice defensive spells?'

'Are you a- Unholy Orders trained
educational expert, Ms. Kizziah?' asked
Professor Scott, in she falsely sweet voice.

'No, but'

'Well then, I'm afraid you are not
trained to decide what there- 'whole point' of
any class is.

Wizard and the Fallen's or fallen girls
much older and cleverer than you have devised
our new program, of study.

You will be learning about self-
protective spells in a secure, risk freeway...'

'What use is that?' Said Naddalin
loudly.'

If we are going to be attacked, it
won't be in a...'

~*~

Naddalin thrust her fist in there- air.
Again, Professor Scott promptly turned away
from her, but now several other people had
their hands are up, too.

'And your name is?' Professor Scott
said to Lacy.

'Lacy Thomas.'

'Well, Mr. Thomas?'

'Well, it's like Naddalin said, isn't it?'

Said Lacy.' If we are going to be attacked, it won't be risk-free.'

'I repeat,' said Professor Scott, amused, and grinning in a very irritating fashion at Lacy, do you expect to be attacked during my classes?'

'No, but- um- ah...'

'Like- Professor Scott talked over her.'

I do not wish to criticize the- way things have been run in there Hayvannahol,' she'd- said, an unconvincing smile stretching her wide mouth.

'Nonetheless, you have been exposed to some very irresponsible fallen angels/wizard and the Fallen's in their class, very irresponsible indeed not to mention,' she would- gave a nasty little laugh,' extremely dangerous half-breeds.'

'If you mean Professor Lupin,' piped up

Lacy angrily, 'she- was there- best we ever'

'Hand, Mr. Thomas! As I was saying you have been introduced to spells that have been complex, inappropriate to your age group, and potentially lethal. You have been frightened into believing that you are likely to meet Dark attacks every other day.'

'No, we haven't,' Emmah said... 'We just...'

'Your hand is not up, Miss. Kizziah!' Emmah put up the hands. Professor Scott turned away from her.

'It is my understanding that my predecessor not only performed illegal curses in

the finger of you, but she also- actually performed them on you.'

'Well, she- turned out to be a maniac, didn't she-?' Said Lacy hotly.' Mind you, we still learned loads.'

'Your hands are not up, Mr. Thomas!' Trilled- Professor Scott. 'Now, it is there- view of there- Unholy orders that a theoretical know they edge will be more than sufficient to get you through your examination, which is what Hayvannahol is all about. And your name is?' She would- added, staring at Parvati, whose hands had just shot up.

'Parvati Smartha, and isn't there a practical bit in our Defense Against there- Dark Arts FLYING?

...And, with horses that can fly too...

~Use we ride on their backs too; we make abound with one when we become young lady's... here in this world, when we get our first wings, bricking though are back skin, that grows from the spin, and have gray-black feather- ie- ness.

~We ride them in the skies, we love them and them- us, ones the bond is made with are haloes.

Part: 5

'Aren't we supposed to show, that we can do there- counter curses and things?'

'As long as you have studied the-theory hard enough, there is know why you should not be able to perform there- spells under carefully controlled examination conditions,' said Professor Scott dismissively.

'Without ever practicing them beforehand?' said Parvati incredulously.' Are you telling us that there- the first time we'll get to do the- spells will be during our exam?'

'I repeat, as long as you have studied
there- theory hard enough.'

'And what good's theory going to be
in the real world?' said Naddalin loudly, the first
in the- air again.

Professor Scott looked up.

'There is Hayvannahol, Mr.-, not
there- the real world,' she would- said softly.

'So, we're not supposed to be
prepared for what's waiting for us out there?'

'There- is nothing waiting out there-
are, Mr.-'

'Oh, yes?' Said Naddalin. Her temper, which seemed to have been bubbling just beneath the- surface all day, was reaching boiling point.

'Who do you imagine wants to attack children like yourselves?' Um- enquired Professor Scott in a honeyed voice.

'Hmmm, let us think...' said Naddalin in a mock thoughtful voice.' Maybe... Lady Ava Jinger gasped; Lavender Brown uttered a little scream; Neville slipped sideways off her stool.

Professor Scott, however, did not flinch. She would- was staring at Naddalin with a grimly satisfied expression on her face.

Ten points from Amsel, Mr.-'

She- classroom was silent and still. Everyone was staring at either Scott or Naddalin.

'Now, let me make a few things quite plain.'

Professor Scott stood up... And leaning towards them, her stubby- fingered hands splayed on her desk.

'You have been told that a certain Dark Wizard and the Fallen has returned from here- dead she- wasn't dead,' said Naddalin angrily, nevertheless yes, her returned!'

'Mr. - you have already lost your house ten points do not make matters worse for yourself,' said Professor Scott in one breath without looking at her.' As I was saying, you have been informed that a certain Dark Wizard and the Fallen is at large once again. She is a lie.'

'It is NOT a lie!' said Naddalin.' I saw her, I fought her!'

'Detention, Mr.-!' said Professor Scott triumphantly. Hayvanna-horror evening. Five o'clock. My office.

I repeat, 'she is a lie.'

'I don't think so-o she said loader.'

The- Unholy Orders of Magic guarantees that you are not in danger from any Dark Wizard and the Fallen. If you are still worried see me outside class hours. If someone is alarming you with fibs about reborn Dark Wizard and the Fallen's, I would like to hear about it. I am here to help. I am your friend;

and now, you will kindly continue your reading.

Page five, though one hundred.'

Professor Scott sat down behind her desk. Naddalin, however, stood up.

Everyone was staring at her; Laila looked half scared, half fascinated.

'Naddalin, no!' Emmah whispered in a warning voice, tugging at her grieve, but Naddalin jerked her arm out of her reach.

'Like- so, according to you, Joella - Elizabeth dropped dead of her own concur, did she-?' Naddalin asked, her voice shaking.

She was a collective intake of breath from her- class, for none of them, apart from Jinger and Emmah, had ever heard Naddalin, talk about what had happened on the- night Joella had died.

They stared avidly from Naddalin to Professor Scott, who had raised her eyes, and was staring at her without a trace of a fake smile on her face.

'Joella - Elizabeth's death was a tragic accident,' she would- said coldly.

'It was murder,' said Naddalin. She- could feel herself shaking.

She- had hardly spoken to anyone about her, least of all thirty eagerly listening to classmates.'

'Ava killed her, and you know it.'

Professor Scott's face was quite blank. So, and- it was not that one...

Then her face went blank...

Part: 6

Then- for a moment, Naddalin thought she would- was going to scream at her. She would- said, in her softest, most sweetly girlish voice. 'Come here, Mr. ...dear.'

She-kicked her chair aside, strode around Jinger and Emmah and up to the-teacher's desk.

She-could feel the-rest of the-class holding its breath. She-felt so angry she-did not care what happened next.

Professor Scott pulled a small roll of pink parchment out of her handbag, stretchered it out on the-desk dipped her enchanted typewriter into a bottle of ink, and started scribbling, hunched-over so that Naddalin could not see what she would-was writing. Nobody spoke out at that moment at all. After a

minute or so she would- rolled up the- parchment and tapped it with her wand; it sealed itself seamlessly so that she- could not open it.

'Take her to Professor Ashly, dear,' said Professor Scott, holding out the- note to her.

She- took it from her without saying a word, turned on her heel and left the- room, not even looking back at Jinger and Emmah, smashing the- classroom door shut behind her.

She- walked amazingly fast along the- corridor, she- note to Ashly clutched- tight

in her hands, and turning a corner walked slap into Charlotte she- a poltergeist, a widemouthed little girl floating on her back in midair, juggling several inkwells.

'Why it's Petty Wee-!' Cackled Charlotte, allowing two of she- inkwells to fall to the- ground where she- smashed- and spattered the- walls with ink; Naddalin jumped backward out of the- way with a snarl.

'Get out of it, Charlotte.'

'Oo-oh-h, Crackpot's feeling cranky'

said Charlotte, pursuing Naddalin along with

her- corridor, Graceling as she- zoomed along above her.'

What is it the time, my fine Petty friend? Hair-razing voices...? Seeing visions... or the past like it is the now...? Speaking in' Charlotte blew a gigantic raspberry'- tongues?'

'Motorboating some boobies back their girl.' said Naddalin!

Ball one-

Ball two-

Ball three- all spit- ie!

'I said, leave me ALONE!' Naddalin
shouted, running down the- nearest flight of
stairs, but Charlotte merely slid down the-
banister on her back beside her.

Part: 7

'Oh, most think she's Barking, she-
petty wee child, nevertheless, some are more-
kindly besides think she's just sad, But
Charlotte knows better and says, that she's
mad - 'Shut- UP!'

A door to she left flew open, and
Professor Ashly emerged from the office looking
grim and slightly hassled.

What are you shouting about-' she'd-snapped, as Charlotte cackled gracefully and zoomed out of sight.' Why aren't you in class?'

'I've been sent to see you,' said Naddalin stiffly.

'Sent? What do you mean, sent?'

She- held out the- note from Professor Scott. Professor Ashly took it from her, frowning, slit it open with a tap of the wand, stretched it out, and began to read.

Her eyes zoomed from side to side behind the square spectacles as she would- read

what Scott had written, and with each line,
they became thinner.

'Come in here,' she- followed her inside
her studies. She- door closed identically behind
her.

'Well?' said Professor Ashly, rounding
on her. 'Is she true...?'

'Is what true...?'

Naddalin asked rashes more
aggressively than she- had intended.

'Professor?' She- added, to sound
politer.

'Is it true that you shouted at
Professor Scott?'

'Yes,' said Naddalin.

'You called she a liar?'

'Yes.'

'You told her the girl- who Must Not
Be Talked about is back?'

'Yes.'

Professor Ashly sat down behind the
desk, watching Naddalin closely.

Then she would- said, 'Have a beige,'
'Have what...?'

'Have a beige,' she would- repeated impatiently, indicating a tartan tin lying on top of one of the- piles of papers on her desk,' and then sit down.'

She had been a previous occasion when Naddalin, expecting to be caned by Professor Ashly, had instead been chosen by her to the- Amsel Claepsiara team.

She- sank into a chair opposite her, and helped herself to a Ginger Newt, feeling just as confused and woozy footed as she- had Deanahe on that occasion.

Professor Ashly set down Professor Scott's note and looked very seriously at Naddalin.

'You need to be careful.'

Naddalin swallowed her mouthful of Ginger Newt and stared at her.

Her tone of voice was not at all what she- was used to; it was not brisk, crisp, and demanding; it was low and apprehensive and somehow much more human than usual.

'Misbehavior in Dolores Scott's class could cost you much more than house points and detention.'

'What do you...?'

'Use your common sense,' snapped Professor Ashly, with an abrupt return to her usual manner.'

You know where she'd- comes from,
you must know to whom she'd- is reporting.'

The- bell rang for the- end of the-
lesson. Overhear, all-around came the clumsy
sounds of hundreds of students on the- move.

'It says here she'd- 's gave you
detention every evening she week, starting
Hayvanna-horror,' Professor Ashly said, looking
down at Scott's note again.

'Every evening she week!' Naddalin repeated, horrified. 'But then again, Professor, couldn't you?'

No, I couldn't,' said Professor Ashly flatly.

'But.'

'But!'

'But?'

'She'd- is your teacher, besides, has every right to give you detention.

You will go to her room at five o'clock
Hayvanna- Horrow for her- the first one. Just
remember tread carefully around Dolores Scott.'

'But one was telling the- truth!' said
Naddalin, outraged. 'Ava is back, you know her-
is; Professor Duerre knows who she- is?'

'For heaven's sake-!' Said Professor
Ashly, straightening her glasses angrily (she
would- had winced horribly where- and her- had
used Ava's name.)

Do you think she is about truth or lies?
It's about keeping your head down, and your
temper under control!'

She would- stood up, nostrils wide and mouth very thin, and Naddalin stood up, too.

(Naddalin- sometimes I am wondering if I to do not have to retard tattooed on my forehead!)

'Have another beige,' she would- said touchily, thrusting the- tin at her.

'No, thanks,' said Naddalin coldly.'

'Do not be ridiculous,' she'd- snapped.
Then now, at that time of that day-
she- took one... 'Thanks,' she- said grudgingly.

Part: 8

'Didn't you listen to Dolores Scott's speech at the- start of term feast-?'

'Yeah,' said Naddalin. 'Yeah... she would- said... progress will be prohibited or... well, it meant that... that the- Unholy Orders of Magic is trying to interfere with at the school for girls.'

Professor Ashly eyed her closely for a moment, she- and sniffed, walked around the desk, and held open the- door for her.

'Well, I'm glad you listen to Emmah Kizziah at any rate,' she would- said, pointing her out of the office.

Dinner in the- Massive Hall that night was not a pleasant experience for Naddalin.

The- news about she is shouting match with Scott had traveled exceptionally fast even at the school for girls' morals.

She- heard sweepers all around her as she- sat eating between Jinger and Emmah.

She- funny thing was that none of she- whisperers seemed to mind her overhearing what they were all saying about her.

On the- contrary, it was as though
they were hoping she- would get irritated and
start shouting o'er so that they could hear the
story first hands.

'She- says she- saw Joella - Elizabeth
murdered...'

'She- reckons she- a dual-l-ed with You
Know- whom...'

'Come off it...'

'Who does she- think she's kidding?'

'Tur Zease...'

'What I do not get,' said Naddalin through clenched- d teeth, laying down the knife and fork (she hands were shaking too much to hold them steady,) 'is why she- y all believed she- story two months ago when- and Duerre told them...'

'The- thing is, Naddalin, I'm not sure she- e did,' said Emmah grimly. 'Oh, let us get out of here.'

She would- slammed down her knife and fork; Jinger looked longingly at the half-finished- apple pie but followed suit. Individuals stared at them all the- way out of the- Hall.

'What'd' you mean, you're not sure
they thought Duerre?'

Naddalin asked Emmah when they
reached- the- first-floor landing.

'Look, you don't understand what it
was like after it happened,' said Emmah
quietly.' You arrived back in her- middle of the-
lawn clutching Joella's dead body... none of us
saw what happened in her- maze... we just had
Duerre's word for it that You Know Who had
come back and killed Joella and fought you.'

'Which is the- truth!' Said Naddalin
loudly.

I know it is, Naddalin, so will you
please stop biting my head off?' Said Emmah
wearily.' It's just that before she- the truth
could sink in, everyone went home for her-
summer, where they spent two months reading
about how you're a nutcase and Duerre's going
senile!'

Rain pounded on the- windowpanes as
they strode along with her- empty corridors
back to Amsel Tower.

Part: 9

Naddalin felt as though the first day had lasted a week, but she- still had a mountain of homework to do before bed.

Dull pounding pain was developing over the right eye. She- glanced out of a rain-washed- window at she- dark grounds as she- y turned into her- Fat Lady's corridor. She was still no light in Dargide's cabin.

'Mimbulus mumble- like,' said Emmah, before the- Fat Lady could ask. The- portrait swung open to reveal the- hole behind it and the- three of them scrambled through it.

The- girl's dorm room was almost empty; everyone was still down at dinner. Snakes uncoiled themselves from an armchair and trotted to meet them, purring loudly, and when- and Naddalin, Jinger, and Emmah took the three favorite chairs at the- fireside the- leaped lightly on to Emmah's lap and curled up her like a furry ginger cushion.

Naddalin gazed into the- flames, feeling drained and exhausted.

Part: 10

'How can Duerre have let this happen?'

Emmah cried suddenly, making
Naddalin and Jinger jump; shanks leaped off her,
looking afterward still panicking. She'd- pounded
her- arms of the chairs in a fury so that bits of
stuffing leaked out of the- holes of the chair.'
How can she- let that terrible woman teach us?
And in our FLYING year, too!'

'Well, we've never- ever had great
Defense Against her- Dark Arts Craft teaches,
have we?' said Naddalin.'

You know what it's like, Dargide told
us, nobody wants the- job; she- e say it's jinxed.'

'Yes, but to employ someone who's refusing to let us do magic!

What's Duerre playing at?'

'And she- is trying to get people to spy for her,' said Jinger darkly in an ominous way.

'Remember when- n she'd- said she'd- wanted us to come and tell's her if we hear anyone saying- "You Know Who's back?" 'Of course, she is- the one to spy on us all, that is obvious, why else would Fudge have wanted her to come?' Snapped Emmah.

'Do not start arguing again,' said Naddalin wearily, as Jinger opened her mouth to retaliate.' Can't we just... let us just do that homework, get it out of the-way..'

She- a collected heir Hayvannahol bags from a corner and like returned to her-chairs by the- fire.

People were coming back from dinner now.

Naddalin kept her face averted from the- portrait hole but could still sense she-stares she- was attracting.

'Like- shall we do Lily's stuff first?'

Said Jinger, dipping the enchanted typewriter
into the magical inkwell.

'She- properties... of moonstone... And
it uses ...in potion-making...' she- muttered,
writing the- words a- crossed the- top of the
yellow- sh parchment Paper as she- spoke to
them all out too loudly.

Disruptive... as they said she was...
yet, not like at all like they- the higher up at
her old school said at all either.

She- underlined the- title, and splatted ink, then she looked up expectantly at Emmah.

'So, what is the- properties of moonstone and its uses in potion-making?'

But- but- Emmah was not listening; she would- was squinting over into the- far- far off corner of the- room, where Breanna, Katy, And Grace, Jordan were now sitting at the- center of a knot of innocent-looking first years, all of whom were chewing something that seemed to have come out of a large paper bag that Breanna was holding.

'No, I'm sorry, they've gone too far,'
she would- said, standing up and looking
positively furious.

'Come on, Jinger.'

'I'm what?' said Jinger, plainly
playing for time.' No, come on, Emmah we can't
tell them off for giving out sweets.'

'You know perfectly well that those
are bits of things Nougat or Pushing Pastilles
or...'

'Fainting Fancies?' Naddalin
suggested quietly.

One by one, as though hit over her-head with an invisible mallet, the- first years were slumping unconscious in their seats.

Then some slid right on to the- floor, ashes merely hung over her- arms of their chairs, their tongues lolling out. Most of the- people watching were laughing...

Emmah, however, squared her shoulders and marched directly over to where Breanna, and Katy... she has now stood with clipboards, meticulously observing her; unconscious first years.

Jinger rose slightly, and then halfway out of her desk chair, hovered uncertainly for a moment or two, then murmured to Naddalin, 'she's- got it under control,' before sitting as low in the deck- chair as she nerdy awkward frame permitted.

Interval: 5

Chapter: 156

Part: 1

That's enough!' Emmah said forcefully to Breanna and Katy, both of whom looked up in mild surprise.

'Yeah, you're right,' said Katy, nodding, 'she doses looks strong enough, doesn't she?'

'I told you this morning, you can't test your rubbish on students!'

'We're payng them!' Said Breanna indignantly.

'I do not care; it could be dangerous!'

'BS,' said Breanna.

'Calm down, Emmah, they're fine!' Said Grace reassuringly as she- walked from the first-year girl's room to the first-year class, inserting many sweets into her open mouths.

'Yeah, look, they're coming around now,' said Katy. A few of the- first years were indeed stirring. Several looked so shocked to find themselves lying on her- floor, or dangling off their chairs, that Naddalin was sure Breanna and Katy had not warned them, what them sweets were going to do.

'Feel all, right?' Said Katy kindly to a small dark-haired girl lying at the feet.

'I- I- I's, think so,' she would- said shakily.

'Excellent,' said Breanna happily, but she- next second Emmah had snatched- both she clipboard and her- paper- along with a bag of pop-rock gemstone from the hands.

'It is NOT excellent!'

'Of freaking course, it is, they are alive, aren't they?' Said Breanna furiously.

'You can't do she, what if you made
one of, them ill?'

'We're not going to make them ill;
we've already tested them all on ourselves, she
is just here to see if everyone reacts the-
same.'

'If you need to stop doing it, I'm
going to...'

'Put us in detention?' Said Breanna, in
an I would like to see you try it voice.

'Make us write lines?' Said Katy,
smarting off.

Onlookers all over her- the room where laughing. Emmah drew herself up to the full thought, her eyes were narrowed...

And the bushy hair seemed to crackle with static electricity.

'No,' she'd- said, her voice quivering and trembling with anger...'

Part: 2

...But I will write to your mother, and f*cking haunt the sh*t and piss out her every night.'

'You wouldn't,' said Katy, horrified, taken a step back from her.

'Oh, yes, I would,' said Emmah grimly.'

I can't stop you from consuming all of the- stupid things yourselves, but you're not to give them to her- first years.'

Breanna And Katy looked- totally flabbergasted.

It was clear that as far as they were concerned, Emmah's threat was below her- belt.

With a last threatening look at them,
she would- shove Breanna's clipboard and her- a
bag of Fancies back into the arms and stalked
back to the chair by the- fire.

Jinger was now so-o freaking low in
the set, that her young sweet noses were- um-
level with the knees, and all you could see where
young little sweet eyes piping out over top the
lid of the desk, and hair brads.

'Thank you for your support, Jinger,'
Emmah said acidly.

'You handled it fine by yourself,' Jinger
mumbled.

Emmah stared down at the blank piece of parchment for a few seconds, then said edgily. 'Oh, it's no good, I can't concentrate now.

I'm going to bed.'

She would- wrenched- the bags open...

Naddalin thought she would- was about to put the books away...

Then like instead she would- pulled out two Misshapen woolly objects, placed them carefully on a table by the- fireplace, covered them with a few screwed- up bits of parchment and a broken quill, besides, she stood back to admire the effect.

'What if the- name of Merlin are you doing?' said Jinger, watching her as though fearful for her sanity.

They're hats for house sprites,' she'd said briskly... like a crazed girl was more die on...

~*~

'Now stuffing her books back into her bag.'

I did them over the- summer...

I'm a slow knitter without magic but
now I'm back at Hayvannahol, I should be able
to make lots and lots more.'

~*~

'You're leaving out hats for the-
house sprites?' Said Jinger Flying about nuts-o
like.'

'And you're covering them up with
garbage first?'

'Yes,' said Emmah disobediently,
swinging she bag on to the back.

'That's not on,' said Jinger furiously.'

You're trying to trick them into
picking up the- hats ant' you.

You're setting them free when- n
they might not want to be free.'

'Unquestionably, they want to be
free!' Said Emmah at once, though her face was
turning pink.'

'Don't you dare touch those hats,
Jinger!'

Part: 3

Arthur Railie, Head of the- Embezzle
of Non-magical people Heirloom Office at the-

Unholy orders of Magic, has won the- annual Daily Paper Grand Prize Gemstone Draw.

A delighted Mr. Railie told she- Daily Prophet, and we will be spending the- gold on a summer holiday is back on Earth, that is, and as a body that looks like they, or to get into one there, where our do as all these girls hope to come back as a girl, yet with wings or to be a fallen angel on earth, no one wants to work as a curse breaker for Gutiérrez Wizard and the Fallen Bank, or scrub crappers.

The- Railie family will be spending a month in Rockville, returning for the start of

the new Hayvannahol year at the school for girls, which five of the Railie children currently attend.

Anyways- Naddalin scanned the-moving photograph and a grin spread a-crossed her young sweet little, face as she- saw all nine of the- Railie's waving furiously at her, standing in front of a large 'the body of Neveah' viaduct.

Plump little Mr. S. Railie; tall, balding Mr. Railie; six girls; and one daughter, all (though she- the black- and- the white picture did not show it,) with light- shiny- red hair.

Right in the- middle of the- picture
was Jinger, tall and gangling, with her pet
mouse, Scabbards, on her shoulder and her arm
around her little sister, Jill.

Naddalin could not think of anyone who
deserved to win a large pile of gold more than
she- Railie's, who was genuinely nice and
extremely poor. She- picked up Jinger's letter
and unfolded it.

Part: 4

Dear Naddalin, Happy birthday! It
was sounding almost routine to me... yet nice to
hear.

And this could well be her- day I will make sure to make a- big deal of it too, like of my calling, said Uncle Read.

'You embarrass and completely humiliate me,' he said.

Naddalin went back to her toast and jam licking off the butter knife, saying thanks sheepishly.

Of course, she- thought bitterly, Uncle Read was talking about the- stupid dinner party, to like she was 10.

She would have been talking about nothing else for two weeks. Yet when the day comes, she is sad.

Um so girls- some rich builder and her wife were coming to dinner, to talk with you, and Uncle Read was hoping to get a huge order from them, (Uncle Read's company made lumber as you know, for log homes.)

And think we should run through the-schedule one more time, and said, Uncle Read.

And we should all be in position at eight o'clock.

Jennath, you will be...?

-And-

Naddalin- anyways she- was taking the- weight off her feet, by places them up on her desk, show more than she needs to under the skirt. Then Emma sat down in the one adjacent her next to the- wall, and all the windows shown in the light day's rays, hopping for the eerie sounds of the ball to ring out once more, for it all to be over. Looking at her was this wolf... 'Hum...' I am wondering... quietly to myself.

Walking down the path to other school buildings, there was a- wolf- that was

feeling her legs as she was trying to walk- in odd ways, the campuses are large, 10 coastal, in all, like with many links 'the body of Neveah' arch bridges.

She- did not look at it, at all feel the evil coming from those green marble-like eyes, think it got to be...

Anyways- after an instant or two she- spoke to it- using her mind, and a spell, to do so-o- and she whipped to it softly, using telepathic communication spells.

Telekinesis- is one, that I like to use on earth- like making a light glob float in midair,

and have it flicker in a girls' stunted face, or even to lift things like her off the ground or all around them. I use this to stay in one hovering place, over their bed, or something like that.

Psychokinesis- is the one they use to get into all these girls heads, the higher authority's too, and then- you know who- them. Mind manipulation... to make confusion- disillusion, and illusions.

'Clever...no...?' I am thought.

I have a card reading, laid out on my desk so I know what lays ahead too, as she did... and I would say she was reading all the

clues right, I could see all she did to... it was in my report, yet they would say that all BS. That she was losing her mind, yet it was not the cards, they were a help.

I am- like elaborated- um babbling for 30 minutes, about nothing that was a- rational thought, so they thought, yet... yet some in the class felt me. In the incoherencies...

Know I knew why the wolf... was there it was one of them holding me back in my speech, so it would not be known...

My Paper they could not change, this is what it said- I could see that, was not

Nevaeh's felt. That she ended the way she did. She had no life- to speak of having the same teacher for six years, reading the same stories, like the same moronic- three words make a sentence- of tells of: 'The Wolf Made a Stink;' and, not seeing words over 'one' syllable, (funny- syllable has three-syllable in the word,) so if you never- ever seen the words, above- or was in a class higher than that- of 2nd grade, all 12 years; like- I ask how could you learn- more than what they gave you, it was not on her- now was it?

God, she got point for having her name right, on the Paper... that what we are

dealing with here... they would not let her on the reading team, or be in anything more than fundamental, and when I say fundamental, that is not the term.

Saying- she could not 'handle it,' how can you not handle something, if her teachers would not give her a chance to do more to handle, there was nothing there to handle...!

Even, at doing what the other in her grade were achieving I thought there was nothing to handle, the advice was to drop out, and kill herself, by superiors and kids alike, and sign the book, so- now- at this time they said

this was all governor- Ed Rendell's felt not
there's.

So-o she has a- 'simpleton' would not
know how to spell that either... Nauseating it
was, to be in the same shoes as she- I was in
freak'n pre- k for 7th grade up- I just sat
there... lost in a- trances- like her, that was
not my felt, so I thought, just look at this, I's
am not a smart girl yet, this was tragic.

Also, then when Nevaeh got there, as
I did like her, now in 7th grade, and they had
the boldness to say she was regressing. I
cannot see how you can regress at re-traded

leave, and she was far from that, yet she did-
or they documented to kill her life in all ways,

(You see- I am falling there was no
way out of this...)

The day consisted of freaking played
Uno and board games for seven hours, not
getting off your ass to even piss without some
asking if you need help, in freaking 7th grade
instead of class time, with others, that is not
giving up- and the one she was with were over
just having enough of the nonsenses they call
the school.

It was asked of me to write something magnificent, awe-inspiring, and completely unbelievable- well I's did- what is that you do?

Part: 5

Ah- moment!

(Back)

The wolf-

She- curved to look at her- Caroline, but she would- gone- rain off- blending with the- ashes out on the- street.

As an alternative, she- was laughing at a rash unembellished- looking lady who was wearing square- ed small, granny-style glasses, with a thick bifocal exactly the- shape of the- patterns, the wolf had had around eyes where.

She would-, too, was wearing a tan wrap, older thin and scary too young kids.

Oh, and the gray hair was drawn into a close-fitting twist and long and stringy.

She would- observed ruffled.

'Like- like- like- how did you know it was me?' And she would- asked me...

I knew by the- eyes, you have green
wolf-like eyes, that how- you cannot mistake
them... they are only you, and you are only.

Oh- my dear Professor, I've never-
ever seen a wolf sit so rigidly.

- And-

You would be stiff if you had been
sitting on a brick wall all day and said Professor-
sweet little schoolchild.

And all day to ah...?

When could you have been a triumph?

I must have accepted 12 or 13
buffets and merrymakings on my way here.
Professor, she inhaled irately; and Off yes,
everyone is celebrating, all right, and she would-
said impatiently.

And you would think they would be a
bit more careful, but no- um- hum, not even
she-

Non-magical peoples have noticed
something is going on too.

It was on their news... even...!

And- she'd- jerked she head back at
the- Natalie's' dark living- room window.

And- I heard one, and then more
flocks of them- in packs, flying girls with wings...
off making mastiff... even if they should be in
bad, for a school night, shooting stars... too, and
a big full moon in the twilight.

Well, they are not entirely stupid...

They were bound to notice something,
I thought too, along with looking for shooting
stars, and that big full moon, down in
Barnesboro.

Part: 6

I will bet that was Dedalus Diggle.

She- never had much sense, and you cannot blame them, said Dorezblumd gently.

However- she had precious little to celebrate for eleven- year- old.

-And-

And- I know that, said Professor Pattergirl irritably.

And- but- but- that is no regard to lose our heads, here like- um individuals are being downright careless, out on the- streets in broad daylight, here at this school, young brats were making, no discipline, not even dressed in

non-magical people clothes, crossing over,
swapping rumors, and such and being well
knotty Sluts... Um- 'What can I say it's the-
slut generation these days... YET- their kids.'

-And-

She would- threw a sharp, sideways
glance at Dorezblumnd, and if looks could kill we
would be scrapping up Dorezblumnd with a little
shovel and using the body as fertilizer.

Nevertheless, as though hoping she-
was going to tell she something, but she- did
not, so-o she would- went on, her way.

A fine thing it would be if, on the-
very day You Know- who seems to have
vanished at last calling, the- non-magical
peoples found out about us all.

...I feel it...

I suppose she- really has gone,
Dorezblumd?

-And-

And- It certainly seems so and said
Dorezblumd.

And- yet all in all- we have much to be
thankful for.

Would you care for a- lemon, Jolly
Rancher Hard Candy and I giggle- till I cried
for a half-hour?

Part: 7

And...?

And- A what?

And- A lemon drop, and gold stars, ha-
go figure.

They are a non-magical people sweet
I am fond of them... like she was... even if.
They say you do not have a mind too- so go
figure, that one too.

And- no, thank you, and said Professor Pattergirl coldly, as though she would- did not think she was the- moment for lemon drops.
And as I say, even if You- Know who has gone...

-And-

And my dear Professor, surely a sensible lady like yourself can call her by her name?

All she 'you- know- who' nonsense- for eleven years, I have been trying to persuade people to call her by the proper name- Ava.

Besides Professor Pattergirl flinched,
but Dorezblumd, who was unsticking two lemon
drops, seemed not to notice.

Like- yepper- it all gets so puzzling if
we keep saying.

'You- Know- Her...'

I have never- ever seen any be
frightened of saying- Ava's name.

Yet there is a first or everything...

I know you have not, said Professor
Pattergirl, sounding slightly exasperated, half
admiring.

But you are different- all way
different.

Everyone knows you are the- only one...

You- Know- oh, all right, Ava was
frightened of.

-And-

'You flatter me... you do- I am rather
amused.'

Part: 8

And said Dorezblumd tranquility. And-
Ava had powers I will, never- ever- ever- never,
have.

-And-

Amenably because you are too- well-
noble to use them.

Luckily, it is dark out now. I have not
blushed- d so much since- the snowy flaky night-
Madam Pomphrey told me she would- liked my
new earmuffs.

-And-

Professor Pattergirl shot a wicked
look at Dorezblumd said, 'She- flying with wings
is nothing next to the- rumors that are flying
around about girls with the wings flying.'

Do you know what everyone is saying?

About why she has disappeared? About what
finally stopped her?

-And-

It seemed that Professor Pattergirl
had reached- the- point, and she would- was
most anxious to discuss, the- real points, rather
she would- had been waiting on a cold, hard wall
all day now, kneeling as a wolf, not as a woman...
had she would- fixed Dorezblumd with such a
piercing stare as she would- did now, the
question was asked?

It was plain, whatever- so and so
not- and everyone- so-on- and saying, she would-
was not going to believe it until Dorezblumd
told her it was true.

Dorezblumd, however, was sucking
off- yet another lemon drops and did not answer.

So- like what they are saying, and she
would- was pressed on- down and down the line
to the next and the next and is that last night
Ava turned up in Godin's Hollow.

She- wanted to find her. The- rumor
was and is- that Lily, and Alyssa- are- um- a-
...they are- dead.

Dorezblumd bowed she head- showing
that he was feeling sad.

Professor Pattergirl gasped... (Inhale
noise here.)

Oh, my- completely and totally-
modified.

Part: 9

And Lily and Alyssa... I cannot believe
it... I did not want to believe it... Oh, Roberts...

-And-

Dorezblumd reached out and patted her on her- shoulder. And I know... I know... she said- avidly.

Professor Pattergirl's voice trembled as she would- went on. And That is not all. She is- a saying she- tried to kill her, Naddalin. But - she- could not. She- could not kill that little girl. No one knows why, or how, but they are saying that when she- could not kill Naddalin-, Ava's power somehow broke - And that is why she is gone.

Dorezblumd nodded glumly.

And it is - it is true? And faltered
Professor Pattergirl. And she's Deanahe... all
the- people she is killed... she- could not kill a
little girl? It is just astounding... for all the-
things to stop her... but how is the- the name
of heaven did Naddalin survive?

We can only guess, said Dorezblumd.

And- we may never know.

-And-

Professor Pattergirl pulled out a lace
hanker-chief and dabbed at her eyes beneath
the spectacles.

Dorezblumd gave a great sniff as
she- took a golden watch from her pocket and
examined it.

It looked like a timepiece.

What is that thing...?

It was a very odd watch all this
taking place.

It had twelve hands but no numbers;
instead, little planets were moving around the-
edge.

It must have made sense to Dorezblumd, though, because she- put it back in her pocket and then said, Dargide's is late.

Like- I suppose it was she- who told you I would be there, by the- way?

And- yes, said Professor Pattergirl.

I would not- a suppose you are going to tell me why you are there, of all places?

Part: 10

(Back)

I remember- when, I have come to bring Naddalin to her aunt and uncle, like the

girls in the past it was my job to just drop her off at a doorstep- even if it were wrong, yet, I feel they would be good to her, like with the others...

They are the- the only family she- like the others, the only one left, in this world that is...!

God- there gross- really, I thought- it how it must be- yet it known, that she is what she is... In the- lounge, said Aunt Jennath promptly and waiting to welcome them graciously to our home.

-And-

And- Good, good, Dariez?

-And-

I will be waiting to open the- door,
behind an angel oak tree. And Dariez put on a
foul, simpering smile, greening way too much- in
a way I did not trust.

Mr. And Mr. S. Magirl? Make me sick
with their 1950's charm- they put on...

And- they will love her, as one of their
own!

And cried Aunt Jennath rapturously
when she picked up the nude 4- year- old.

Saying it is a girl!

-I would say so- he said she does not have a dink- ie!

And Excellent, Dariez, and said Uncle Read; then she- rounded in Naddalin in her arms, tightly.

'And- you good?'

'And you?'

They would say: 'Yeah'- at the same time- (Yeah.)

~*~

(Forward)

2 years have passed, and all was not
as you would seem, they were nasty- nasty-
nasty!

A 6 and $\frac{3}{4}$ Naddalin, was always-
freaking, locking her teeny- tiny room she called
the donjon under the spiral staircase, yet it was
not long even a 6 that she was remarkable, for
her age decking it out with all things girlie, and
fallen, dark angels, and Wizard and the Fallen,
old posters off cover the would wall with jagged
nails sticking through, and all the books she
could get in there, with old leather bindings, she
was reading one book a night. The pull change
would even sway as the drafty air would pour in,

there was no warmth in there at all and they could care less.

This was here response, always- 'I'll be in my bedroom, making no noise and pretending I'm not one of you and all misunderstood like the one before me and said Naddalin tonelessly.'

To- mop... 'I don't do that; you just don't understand the things that are not you!'

'Smart ass!'

'Yep- I am smart and have an- ASS- Mr.,' and- exactly, said Uncle Read nastily, yes,

and all you do is play with the upper front hole
of it, and do not forget it.

I am a girl that hole needs to be
felled all the time to make us feel happy when
all you all do is make me sad.

'Um- pour baby girl- it sounds like you
need a glass of suck it up.'

And- the door slammed it the bar on
the outside latched.